Rarity's Insanity

Issue #82

Inspired by DarkJester's original fan fiction

Adapted and illustrated entirely by SevenTozen

Well, thanks for agreeing to come with us on such short notice, Rarity.

It was no problem. The least I could do was spare you my process of finding a coat to wear.

Why would you need a **coat**? It's the middle of **summer**... it was over a hundred degrees two days ago.

It was so hot that Rainbow was sleeping in a **tree**

...that was right before I sent her over to Pinkie's bakery.

It wasn't really that long ago, was it? It seems like **forever** since we confronted Dash at the lake.

She was having nightmares, is that correct, Twilight?

Yeah. **Awful** ones. That's why Luna needed us to find you, since the thing responsible for all of this is kind of in our Elements.

What **exactly** were her nightmares like? Because mine were... well I wasn't asleep but still pretty awful.

What happened to you? What did you see?

This is going to sound crazy.

Rarity. There's been so much crazy recently that it's almost normal.

What happened?

Well all night...

I wasn't asleep, you understand, I was too frightened for dozing off. I kept seeing something just in the corner of my eye.

You know when you see a **leg** or an **arm** in the dark, but it's just a piece of clothing on a chair?

This was like that. Only there was **nothing** there. The **shadows** themselves seemed to be making a shape

And for whatever reason it scared me half to death.

I know how you feel. That happened to me too.

Really?

I didn't say anything, but I slept in my **closet** last night...

I didn't see what Rarity saw, but I **was** scared of the dark. It felt like something was there...

So Angel and I spent the night in the closet with the door closed. I didn't sleep at all either.

Ah actually **did** get some sleep, but it wasn't what you'd call **restful**.

Ah am pretty sure the only reason 'ah **eventually** did doze off was because ah drank more cider than ah'd care ta 'admit.

Applejack?! Why'd you do that? You don't drink... excessively.

'Ah was so broken up about what ah did to Dash, ah didn't see the **harm** in a few bottles of Vintage.

But 'ah wish I **hadn't**. There was a **hideous** nightmare that 'ah had. Nothin' that 'ah can really put my hoof on as an actual scene...

...but it **did** frighten me quite proper.

Woke up sweatin' as if 'ah had slept in the house furnace.

Did Dash have a nightmare last night, Twilight?

I don't think **nightmare** can describe it. Shy. It was like watching a **seizure**.

Except she was **screaming**. Like she was in the most intense pain of her **life**.

She was thrashing around, too. I woke her up from that one. But from what she told me, every single one of her nightmares was like that

And now **we're** getting them.

Do you think this is how **Dash** felt a few months ago?

Back when she stopped talking to us? And we didn't ask what was wrong?

Well... damn.

We've been pretty awful friends....

If she's awake, ah'm gonna give her one **heck** of an apology.

I'll give her a **cake**.

ROCKET TO INSANITY
ISSUE # 83 EIGHTY THREE
Inspired by DARKJESTER'S original fanfiction
Adapted and illustrated entirely by SEVENTOZEN
Hey, Twilight! You made it!
Why aren't you in the room? I thought Luna needed your help.
She told me to wait for you. I guess this is what she meant by helping.
How is everything going with Dash?
Eyrrrm... Not any better. But it's not getting any worse, I think.
Twilight?! You're here! And everypony else too!
Well, Pinkie's feeling better, at least.
Pinkie! Your bandages came off! That was quick.
Just the ones on my face. The good news is I'll be ready to leave by tomorrow.
That was fast... But... are you going to have that scar forever?
No, they say it'll fade eventually.
Anyway, I'm glad you're all here. That means Luna can explain what she told Dash and I.
What's she doing?
"Stabilizing". I'm not sure what it means, but I know Luna'll explain.
I will now that you're all here. Thank you for the expedient use of your time in finding Rarity
And thank you Rarity for agreeing to attend on such short notice.
It was no problem, Princess.
As I said before, we do not have that much time, so I will explain the procedure in brief.
Try to pay attention so I do not have to repeat anything.
Now, as I explained before, what I will be doing is unbinding you all from your respective Elements. Since the elements aren't designed to unbind unless the bearer dies, the incantation involved borders on Black Magic. I am, in essence, faking your deaths, to trick your Elements.
Even so, I require assistance from all of you. When your Element enters the incantation, you need to give permission for the Sever.
I will point to you when it is your turn, as the incantation isn't in any common language used today.
Why are we doing this again? Sorry, but I just got involved in this adventure.
The creature in Dash's mind is attached to her Element. I cannot remove it while that connection exists.
Any other questions?
This... isn't permanent, is it?
Thankfully no. Your connections should be re-established when I'm done.
Now, we must hurry. I've kept Dash stable for all this time, but...
Oh, no. Keep going. I'm fine...
...but seriously, I'm in a lot of pain here.
Dash... what's wrong with your eye?
It's a side effect. Two consciousnesses cannot occupy the same mind for long.
That too should go away after I'm finished.
You sure?
It did when it happened to me.
NOW. Are we ready? I must warn you, the procedure is far from comfortable; the Elements don't want to be removed. I just want you to be prepared for that.
I'm prepared... I think.
Very well.
Let us begin.
ARDENSIS MODRÉMOCH CRE SELENDRA DE LESTREDA...
...ELEMENTARIBUS PROPTER MAGNAM...
...that voice is a tad frightening...
...yes. I give permission...
...ELEMENTARIBUS ANTÉ BEATUDINE...
...I love the voice, Luna...
...and a giant YES...
...ELEMENTARIBUS VERACES...
...mah' turn? All right. Ah' agree, yes...
...ELEMENTARIBUS INGENIO VENEFICIA...
...Veneficia. No, I don't know that language.
And of course, I agree...
...ELEMENTARIBUS BENIGNITAS...
...me?...y-yes. I do...
...I don't like it when you yell...
...ELEMENTARIBUS USQUE FIDEM...
...DO YOU AGREE?
What do you think? Of course. Now come on! Get this thing out of my head!

Inspired by DARKJSTICK's original SunSetting ISSUE# 84 Adapted and illustrated entirely by SILVINTOZEN

...and... **there**. That should do it. I must warn you, the time during which the Elements unstitch from yourselves is rather unpleasant.

All you have to remember is to keep your heads. It shouldn't last that long.

This doesn't feel **too** bad, really.

That is... because I haven't started yet.

Just remember what I said. Keep your heads with you!

Well then when are you going to

what this?!

LUNA?! W what's **happening**?!

Easier said than done... Fluttering?! How! you

I I don't like this! I don't like this at **all**!

WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS?!

More importantly what is THIS? Ah heck, it's all warm!

Pinkie?! Is that No... that's not you! Rainbow Are you okay?

RAINBOW! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!

I I don't know! Get away! **Please!**

Luna? What's **happening** to them?

Luna? What **was** all that?

I tried to explain the process is not a favorable one. What you experienced, what you **saw**: those were your combined thoughts. You passed through each other's **minds**.

I'm sorry. I tried my best to smooth the transition, but managing **six** consciousnesses is difficult even for **me**.

So that's what Dash was seeing... **yikes**.

Is it over?

For you, it is.

A- are you **sure**? That was **awful**... Everything that Rainbow was thinking about, you'll get rid of it, **right?**

You'll get rid of all the bad things?

Yes... I will get rid of the bad things. Don't worry, Fluttershy. It will be fine. You'll see.

Rainbow is out again, not that I can blame her. She's experiencing the most strain as of now.

Time to work swiftly.

...that's what she was talking about.

She thought I was that... **creature**.

It doesn't reflect on how she **really** thinks of you, Pinkie. It's not her making those images.

Now, there are some last instructions for you before I begin. I will have to be asleep for the duration of being in contact with Dash. **Under no circumstances** are you to wake me up.

No matter what you **see**, or what you **hear** from either of us, **do not disturb me**. It could be catastrophic for her mind's integrity.

This procedure is risky enough as it is without outside distractions.

Um... Luna?

Yes, Twilight?

I know you'll do your best, and I do trust you... implicitly, but

be... be **careful**, okay? I want Dash back... as much as any of us.

I'll be as careful as possible, Twilight, and I'll save Dash. Promise?

Twilight, this isn't without **risk**. Just do you **promise**?

I promise...

Rocket to Insanity

Inspired by DARKJESTER's original fanfiction | Episode 85 | Adapted and illustrated entirely by SEVENTOZEN

CANTERLOT

I feel that you've made it into her mind, Luna...

I only hope you know what you're doing.

Celestia?

Hmm? What the...

Quill? You didn't honestly come up all those stairs only to bring me tea, did you?

Well, yeah, I did actually.

I thought you took an early break today. You can't possibly think I'm interesting enough to sacrifice your free time... so why are you here?

Moral support in the form of soggy leaves stewed in scalding water.

So... **tea**.

Yeah, tea.

Moral support as well. What about my demeanor suggests that I require moral support?

Princess, I'm not a **complete** idiot. I can tell when someone's preoccupied with something heavy on their mind.

...and you're pretty occupied with your sister.

Ah, so you've noticed my Family's sore spot.

Listen, Celestia. I helped your sister find information on that disease all day today. I know what a bad piece of work it is how it infects others, how **lethal** it is...

What it turned Luna into, a thousand years ago.

That's what you're worried about, isn't it?

It has been on my mind, yes. Am I worried about my sister? **Certainly**. Can she fix the problem? Possibly.

I have never really explained my concerns to anypony before...

I don't want to overstep my boundaries here...

You're not. It's not as if Luna's transformation is a great secret. It is national history, after all.

Sigh.

I **am** deeply concerned about Luna's interactions with Semmadsfatica. You can guess why, I'd imagine.

You're worried that she'll become Nightmare Moon again?

Well, yes. But more than that, I am mostly set on edge simply because even after a **thousand** years, Luna has left me in the **dark** about this whole affair.

...an action most befitting her name, to be sure.

I can see why you're concerned...

Quill, I banished my sister to the moon. I condemned her to a fate worse than death: a completely solitary existence, with no food, no water. No air to breathe, yet her immortality rendered her unable to die.

Not a day goes by that I do not regret it. Losing a Family member is never easy.

And all of this I did on the principle of saving the nation of Equestria, indeed, the **world**, from eternal night. I had no choice.

Yet if I had known of her infraction earlier, **all** of that could have been prevented.

How did you **not** know? Don't you have your Empathy? You can read each others' minds... heck, you could read mine if you wanted!

What's stopping you?

Yes, it is true that I can read her mind, and vice versa, but out of respect for **privacy** I keep my distance from her mind, and she does the same.

That's one of the Four Fundamental laws of Shared Telepathy: Ask before intruding.

I read the book, Celestia. But you mean to tell me you watched your sister become sick in the mind, without **telling** you anything, while you worried yourself crazy over her...

and you **never** took a small peek to see what was up?!

Yes, okay. **Fine**. You win. I **did** sneak a look before her transformation.

That's more like it. So what did you see?

Luna. Only Luna. She was talking to something, or somepony I couldn't perceive. However, she didn't seem to be having a bad time...

It was as if she was enjoying herself. She was having a grand old time.

I can't remember much else...

Not what you were expecting, then?

Not in the slightest. It does lead into some interesting questions about Luna.

Look, Celestia. Your sister has only two personality traits I've seen: being very intelligent, and being very stubborn, not to put too fine a point on it. If Luna wants something done, it'll get done. She'll be fine. Don't worry.

I won't, Quill. Thank you for the tea and the company. It means a lot to me, especially as many ponies view me as being stoic, perfectly devoid of weakness.

It's nice to have somepony to talk with once in a while.

You're welcome.

Princess to Infinity

Issue #8

Inspired by DarkJesters original creation

Adapted w/ illustrated enhancements by SunAtozen

A thousand places to look, in a mind I barely know how to navigate... hundreds of distractions...

Whom I seek could be anywhere, or **anything**.

And yet for one so distraught, her mind is rather **colorful**. Vibrant, even...

This might be the wrong place to look. There's no trace of the infection. That... and it is Far too **friendly**.

Hello there!

What the?

Rainbow? Is that you?

Almost. I'm her **other** half... but you probably don't know that.

Other half. Oh. ***The Subconscious***.

That's right! Who are you?

Princess Luna.

A **princess**? That's an honor, really! I don't see enjoying other than Dash, ever. It's very nice to meet you, Princess Luna.

The feeling is mutual! ...where are you?

Can't you see me?

Just barely.

Can you see me **now**?

Yes, thank you.

You're welcome, Luna. You know, you're different in a lot of ways. Why do you have a horn **and** wings?

Im... an Alicorn. You don't see much on the outside, do you?

Don't need to! Everything I'm in charge of is down here. Do you **like** it?

I made all of this for Dash, all on my own. With no instructions, either. Pure imagination.

It's very nice... erm, Other Dash. But I'm not really able to talk, I have someone **else** to Find.

Someone who has been wreaking **havoc** on the other Dash's mind.

I thought *I* was the other Dash.

I mean **other** Other Dash, I meant on the outside. The **Conscious** Dash.

I think I know who you're talking about...

but he's downstairs. Weeey down.

and there's no stairs.

Sure, but I don't think that's a good idea. He's really mean.

He kicked me out of the Downstairs. He took my job, too.

That's probably who I need. Do you think you could take me to him?

Your job?

Making dreams. I used to do that...

I understand. I know exactly how mean he can be. But if you can get me Downstairs, I'll Fix all of this for you, okay?

Oh! Really? Then Follow me, Princess Luna!

How Far is it?

Only as Far as you **want** it to be, really.

He's through that **hole** at the bottom. The scary one with all the pipes and hoses and **weird noises** coming out of it.

Why did he build all of this? Was he not happy with **your** architecture?

Maybe, but I think he just liked building things. That... and making nightmares.

Good luck, Princess Luna.

Project Insanity

Issue #87

Inspired by DANJESTER's original fanfiction

Adapted and illustrated entirely by SEVENTEEN

That is quite a drop... It is almost as if the two edges of both ends are creating a similar junction.

How why would that happen? He's a parasite, there's not supposed to be co-operation

It's a mystery, one I do not have the time to solve for myself

Hopefully the answers will be forthcoming soon.

What a mess. Hes he no sense of organization? No wonder Rainbow is in pain nothing is ever cleaned out.

Is that... opera?

At least he has **some** semblance of taste. All alone in here with no one to talk to. It's sad.

Although here I am, talking to myself... oh well.

Follow the music Luna. Use those powers of observation.

Twould be easier if the landscape didn't **change** when you aren't looking.

Hopefully I'll be able to find my way to the exit after I find him.

Although if I do find him, Finding the exit will be the least of my worries.

Oh, come now. Isn't that just a **bad** cliche?

This is where the landscape ends... so where is he?

Didn't **anypony** tell you it is not **nice** to intrude in somepony's home without asking?

You're one to talk. What do you call your influence on Dash? Neighbourly visitation?

If you're here to insult me Luna, you're wasting your time.

I'm here to talk some sense into you

And why were **you** sent, specifically? Because of our history?

Not exactly.

You're still wasting your time. I don't want to talk to you.

Because if you think you'll have **any** influence on me just because I shared your nerd a thousand years ago...

You're **sorely** mistaken.

Rocket to Insanity

Issue #8:8

Inspired by DarkJesters original fanfiction

Adapted and illustrated entirely by Seventeen

So.
Why **don't** you wish to talk to me?

Would it **matter** if I told you? No, for the sake of everypony involved, put an end to your useless endeavor.

Turn around, leave by the way you came in, and **don't look back.**

And if the **door** hits you on the way out, that's none of my concern.

I can't just leave, I have a job to do.

...and if you would just hear me out...

Hear you out?!
Why would I do that?

The first real conversation we've had in a **thousand years**, and you want to tell me I'm doing everything wrong?

You can't **honestly** think that's appealing to me.

It doesn't matter if it's **appealing** or **otherwise**: either way it'll be the most important thing you'll hear today.

This thing you want to tell me... is it important to you?

Of course.

Well then, if I'm to find it as **enthralling** as you mean it to be, you'll have to dress up your presentation a bit.

Convince me that it's interesting.

Convince me that I am important to you.

Tell me why I should care.

Well, how?

What's my name?

Your... **name?**
Why?

Why? Because you seem to want to cast aside a **thousand years** of progress and pick up where we left off, like nothing happened. **Convince me** you have a plan.

That you're actually here to do something. What's my name?

Name...

Name...

Sam...neostatica?

No.

...no

No...

NO!

NOT "SUMNDSTATICA"! Not **Daemon** or **Nightmare** or **Beeness** or **Creature**! And certainly not the number the Compendium of Equestrian Medicine assigned me: "12157-1".

Those names are what the **others** called me... but not you. What was the name you called me? You even made it up yourself.

...

Pfaugh!

Unless of course, you **Forgot**.
You **did**, didn't you?

I do remember, but the name I gave doesn't exactly **fit** the costume you're wearing now. Take off the mask, face me like... well...whatever you are.

Then we'll talk.

Clever, very clever. Because, **psychologically** speaking, if I do that for you, I become the **weaker** one in this opposition of wills, since I am now bending to your demands.

Which is, of course a very **undesirable** position for the one in power.

but hey, **gladly**. I'll do your bidding. Because you know what? This costume itches, it's falling apart.

It's stressful and worn out. Plus I think it's shortening my lifespan.

I'm just as happy to see it go as you are.

Oh, by the moon.

There. It's gone. Now who am I?

PARTHAUS.

It's good to see you again.